The Sounds of Dreams and Your Senseless Soft Touch

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Quite On The Other Side of Town

There are white whales on the calean oceanfronts waxing conspiratorial fecund moated starter parties for political playbooks read by the English, the sandboxes, and those with red hat fire clearance like a digestive tract wedding gown through the smoking pines of Aldebaran taunted frost. We were relieved to find out that you've gone and knew you would wait for us on the other side of town.

Outhouse frying pans like chandelier gossiping grapes on a mountain curl of mistrust between here and a fortressed New Jersey. Flanked by a well digger on his nineteenth birthday when scallops and orange trees are always of the season. And we were glad to learn the judge dismissed the case as just civil disobedience, no charges, we paid the parking tickets and we will meet you on the other side of town.

Camouflage honeycombs like nature's survival vest rusted together against the skin of a hand plastered to an old oak tree, meager it seems, misguidedly entrusted to the only the symbolically sublime, and not a torrent of God's laughter. Templates of the great escape like a goat on a wire were the psychology doesn't hurt, but doesn't make anything better, doesn't procreate, recreate, or steal pageantry from escaping tree limbs – for it is not by knowing but by doing that we have come into this life and now must clear the way into the future by further acts of brave induction, a triumphant Ruffed Grouse landing like a turn of phrase on a hot metal signpost, saying, "Greetings, I will meet you on the other side of town."

Arguments like parched persistence

The dam is near
as unsightly as it may be
ingratiating itself upon our shoulders
like scattered bread in palms
        salient greenwood skylines
        for the vagaries of death

The frightened evening dam
tokens too loose for cover
boiled cereal before the mast
sailing windpipes of agri-futures
        a dormancy of sounds, like brittle waves
        under the skin of soda ash and the trappings of arteries

Dreams Like Stemmed Vessels

Dreams temper over the dust
like tangled clouds of pearl rings,
sorrow dancing like liberated catechism
of ore and stilted bows, fixated
for Moth'ar 'Arthes natural tune….
She is stalled on the shunted groom,
habitual appropriation of strolls
where friends are no longer vessels
and grainery enclosure stems
from porous insider stalked traders;
condemned femer and outrageously so.

The pitch and the sopor bells

portraits of dulcimers and cantor signing wells
letters of Elbrus slopes, downscapes
letting women and children out first
and then allowing the fire to carry on
songbirds and wood panels, carrying-on

wells of heptagonal instruments, subsiding
like rain pallets under trailings of masks
signing portraits where no sound did fall,
but the illusion of the task is the same
sopor bells and blackened sky retreats;
the home is the verbiage of tall man-of-war birds
tuned to the pitch of obtrusive, peeling knots of silence

Miners of absolutism and kindred drift

adopted by golden corridors
at a late age like a sign from God
too turned, who is their calling to abandon selfcare,
tolerate psychological abuse and exploitation,
in favor of being present for the one
who no one would be there for
like a cruel form of self-punishment
that I allow an ascetic transcendental experience
to flutter out all self doubt and flutter
a complete reframing preauthorized truth
that no one loves her and she pushes all away
alone, she would shrink to an unknowable creature

but no, I heard God, and She/He states,
“It is of time to accept this is your calling
I have placed you here for a reason
so be useful, to where we are abandoned explicitly,
she really does not know any better”

with that it is concluded
it only asks one to move heaven
and disrupt the false icon
of selfcare and self-centered remote delay
of selfish pedagogy; endured for no reason

Pale Virtue Chasing Grail Street

pluralism is the laughing stock
philosophy of white neoliberals -
specialists and scholars know better than I
that pluralism is the prose of your crumbs and personal retreat
seeking to maintain the master’s house
like it is a grail of a moral compass -
only leaving you forever intolerable

you, under your hood of the state

hoods hide your face
from the scrutiny of Light
you, knowing God is Light
cower under hoods of the state

the state only seeks to protect itself
the Rule of Law just becomes the “law”
and among the lawless state, the “law”
becomes that which empowers your obdurate hood

hidden, under concealment, given the liberty
to do anything to anyone and call it the “law”
without a conscience or moral heart
no God among you, no God waits to absolve you

prisoners and protesting encampments stand in judgement over you
between this life and eternity, they will determine your enduring fate

Greta Thunberg in the Hands of Israel

The dragged her by her hair
this petite woman who only wanted
to bring food and medical supplies
by boat, by the healing seas

They forced her to kiss
the Israeli flag after beating her
they wrapper her in a flag
and carried her off

The left her dehydrated with
little food or water in an infested cell
God watches every hair on her head
God will return what harm
they have committed

peacemakers and innocents circle back
to the corners of the world they will witness the calls

Palestinians run from their homes, Gaza unprotected,
only to be bombed in sanctuary towns,
in hospitals, in schools, shelters, everywhere
they go, God has kept watch, today-yesterday-and-tomorrow,
and God remembers the promises Israel made
with their false god, and the
pact with the U.S. again, made with their
false god, aloud. I am not in their books.
Not for your lives, explicit and split. Shattered glass window vision.

God will remember
God will see them
God will bring Earth withall
and all the cosmological damage
of time and equations
will not equal their punishment or suffering

(God helped me write this poem)

forgotten, crowded, lights of emancipation

we did not deter the room
    subdued from the light
of the clearing, apologizing
like a gleaming valet de chambre
    now suppressed where light
confronts the day’s stolid stature
and manumission notes, drifting

consolidating the felled olive trees
   where neither compass or weight
troubles a country or state magnetosphere
doula rye and carbonated harbors, waiting
    kindness alleviated like a lost literacy
all turned with carabiner statespin sisto tissue
here is the light we are used to highlighting

Subletting the Library of Congress

subletting the Library of Congress
for torches made of opium and gas
like fur coats in the midst of extinction
mother birds berate the fleet of ashes

telling generals pastel is better
to remember allegiance ties
this remolded terror from within
armed postal papel, home to home

crowded tub chair charcoal families
rift valley statesmen laundry lists
allowing tideline fornent springs
abutting the great halls of collapse

mirrors of standing soldier equations wrecked where standing ports enhance

hail and moonlit cordial hemerocallis doorknobs talking incessantly
like apple hors d'oeuvre hours in tents and microphone doorways
with comets for dreams that never kiss the stranger or desire
stick insect glands of childbearing cold cough lakh storehouses

under the weighty storage of promises we were all stormed affront
calling God this or that and never knowing She/He will hear us
standing apart from withall terror like catch-all seasons adret now
returning to the centerpiece of exposure to the sun in out after-quarters

spoilage of love is not the same as spoilage of life, foolish and proud
reasoning that fails to re-embark on the cushion trees where memories
dispose of addled friendly concourse of electrified soldiers dressed down
like roses too wrecked to visit China or borrow laughter from grace

treasures that buckle

a solander box of fore-tempered hearts is cracked with creases
the cracks are glowing with angel wings and southern songs
folk tunes manifest into portraits of God or fine poetry,
verse that refuses to sing, or bathe in your poor memory –
frightened triumphant vocals, octave higher reasoning digests
where we could not meet as equals, we part as strange gifts
God does not like the triviality of sharing these sung-out parts
still not stopping the stolid partway return of our cognate treasures

The hours of misfits

Suddenly in droves
Alcatraz on acorns, and spices, and hives
Rice packed with Sudafed and ibuprofen powder
Like Mean Streets on holiday maps for tourists
No amount of caffeine or electrolytes will put your slumber to sleep
Just a day gone by with rat poison in the root canal
Begging to be told
It may have a greater purpose
Like the alpine and the oligarch
And the table spread on Sunday
Where the weather follows
The hours of misfits will break clam-like, stone buried bread
Each sentence a pronunciation on the downy pipes
Where glass is coughed up and the moon is an eyesore to us both

Endorsed Neglect in the Great Plains of Nebraska

people more likely to be neglected under a doctored truce,
holistic theorizing, all encompassing, and true, with stitches and pillow-frames –
humanity’s refusal, under a soft light of solitudinarian basket wrenched feathers,
we are left with the reality of octave stained glass, like portraits of memory,
that we would be seen under this gaze, this patterned phase of stultifying weeds

We are. what we are. not a healthy place, where rocks plant themselves among seeds,
but there is a big difference between deluding ourselves and a dark creature’s cowling.
We always have been, but for whom? And with what promptness? Assertions allow trumpet tows.
It does indicate that the voices heard at the lowest volume are those without charged twins.
esteem marches to warrant discussion like forfeited saints under the steppes in Nebraska

When I See God

When I see God She/He/They
appear as either an older Black woman
or a middle-aged white man

God as an older Black woman
is a redeemer, so close to getting involved
always standing,
as if about to walk towards something
sometimes curt in speech
sometimes speechless,
though still loud in wisdom
like an experienced educator
she expects me accept,
“you already know,
you don’t have to ask”

God as a middle-aged white man
is normally in a sitting position,
expecting questions,
expecting to have to answer
wanting to hold back,
but can be persuaded through argument
to explain Her/His/Their behavior
to clarify the scope of inaction
satisfied to be left out of religion
having no religion,
but those She/He/They have visited

and that can be no religion
of the masses
or various texts
or assigned sanctioned prayers

just the speech of knowing
and the gift of company

chords unequivocal like the range of freedom

better beveled blessed chords like dancing circumferences that light doormats and closet pastures
time in the doctored distance of problematic voices, taunted like the gesture of waves of night
\\
forensic rocks and peddles of fortunate sizing matter where we were forgiven on the tree that time
did you ever know I did come to realize we could have lasted forever, family, children, settled lives
\\
I am one of the wayward foraging tires dragging behind and losing air like London subway breathing
ears that never watched the smoke of boxes and acting like citizens will stir the next empire, not here
\\
what we will see is the lost opportunities and mistaken identities and knowing the forgotten one
was the senseless searching in the first place, all other prize winning cafe cages were hard lessons
\\
the first love would have settled all patterns and spared me from disabling turmoil that lasted years
but I was meant to be a fountain for missing pieces of emotive restitution like a beveled stir chord
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